

MARY HARTMAN,
MARY HARTMAN

EPISODE #30

by

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FINAL DRAFT
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CAST OF CHARACTERS

MARY	LOUISE LASSER
TOM	GREG MULLAVEY
HEATHER	CLAUDIA LAMB
LORETTA	MARY KAY PLACE
CHARLIE	GRAHAM JARVIS
FOLEY	BRUCE SOLOMON
MARTHA	DODY GOODMAN
CATHY	DEBRALEE SCOTT
STEVE	ED BEGLEY, JR.
GRANDPA	VICTOR KILIAN
ROBERTA	SAMANTHA HARPER
GEORGE	PHIL BRUNS
DET. JOHNSON	RON FEINBERG
NURSE CRIMMONS	
COURIER REPORTER CLEMENS	ARCHIE HAHN
SGT. SWETT	
BABBITAGLIA	

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ACT ONESCENE 1MARY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT (SAME DAY AS #29)

MARY IS MAKING DINNER. LIVER, WHICH SHE IS DIPPING INTO EGG BATTER AND FLOURING. HEATHER COMES IN FROM LIVING ROOM WITH HER MATH BOOK, TAKES ONE LOOK AT THE LIVER AND MAKES A RETCHING NOISE.

HEATHER

Liver. Yeccccchhh!

MARY

Heather, if you can't say anything nice about liver, don't say anything at all.

HEATHER

(SIGH) Things aren't the same since Daddy moved next door with Charlie Haggars.

MARY

(STOPS WITH THE LIVER, WIPES HER HANDS)

Honey, I know you're upset, and we haven't really sat down and talked about it, but we will. And then you'll feel much better because you'll understand that sometimes these things that happen to parents are unavoidable.

HEATHER

You never made liver for dinner when Daddy was home.

MARY

I know it's going to be hard for you to adjust, Heather, but try to look on the bright side. You and I will have more time to spend with each other now.

HEATHER

What for?

MARY

So we can have a better relationship. So I can find out what you're thinking about, what my little girl wants out of life.

HEATHER

I want some platform shoes.

MARY

Platform shoes! Heather, no, you're just a little girl.

HEATHER

I'll be a bigger girl with the shoes.

TOM ENTERS BACK DOOR FEELING UNSURE
OF HIS WELCOME.

TOM

Hi.

HEATHER RUNS AND JUMPS INTO HIS ARMS
WITH A WHOOP AS IF SHE HADN'T SEEN
HIM FOR WEEKS.

HEATHER

Daddy!!

TOM

(HUGGING HER, PUTTING HER DOWN) How's
my big girl?

HEATHER

Can I have some platform shoes?

TOM

Sure, why not.

MARY

(COOL) Because I just said she couldn't.

TOM

Oh well, if your mother says no...

HEATHER

Rats. When Penny Belasso's parents
split up, she got anything she wanted.

TOM

Your mother and I aren't really split up,
Heather. We're just... (HE LOOKS TO MARY)

MARY

Why are you here, Tom?

TOM

I need some clean shorts. (HASTILY) And
I wanted to see Heather, of course. (TO
HEATHER) So, Heather, how have you been?

HEATHER

(SULLEN) Not very good.

TOM

Oh now I'm sure you're better than that.
How's school? Still having problems with
Math?

MARY

Tom, you've only been next door for two days, not two years. Yes, Heather is still having problems with her Math.

TOM

Hey, I just got a great idea. How's about my taking you and Heather out to dinner.

HEATHER

Yes!

MARY

No.

HEATHER

Awwww.

MARY

(TO HEATHER) Your dinner is almost made.

HEATHER

(A FACE) Liver.

TOM

(TO MARY) Can't you save it for tomorrow?
I'd like to take you out.

MARY

I don't want to go out.

HEATHER

Please, Mom. Please, please, puhlease!

MARY

No, Heather, and that's final.

HEATHER

Do you want me to feel rejected? It's not good for a child of separated parents to feel rejected.

TOM

(TO MARY) Where does she hear stuff like that?

HEATHER

Penny Belasso felt so rejected they had to take her to a psychologist and now her father has to take her out to dinner at least once a week!

TOM

Heather, you're not Penny Belasso and I'm not Penny Belasso's father.

HEATHER

You've never taken me out to dinner even once.

TOM

Sure I have.

HEATHER

Not alone.

TOM

All right, if it means that much to you I'll take you out to dinner. (TO MARY) But I wish you'd come too, Mary.

MARY

No thank you.

TOM

(SIGH) Get your coat, Heather.

HEATHER

Yippee!

SHE EXITS TO LIVING ROOM.

TOM

It's okay, isn't it? Taking Heather?

MARY

She's not a happy child, Tom.

TOM

She's okay.

MARY

She needs you.

TOM

I need you, Mary.

MARY DOESN'T RESPOND. INSTEAD SHE
GOES BACK TO DIPPING AND FLOURING
THE LIVER.

TOM (CONT'D)

Did you... get the test results from the
doctor, yet?

MARY SHAKES HER HEAD "NO".

TOM (CONT'D)

Neither did I. But I'm taking the
anti-biotics. (BEAT) Are you?

MARY NODS. TOM TAKES A FEW STEPS
TOWARDS HER, PUTS A HAND ON HER ARM.

TOM (CONT'D)

Mary...

MARY

Tom, I have to dunk the liver while the
batter is still foamy.

HE REMOVES HIS HAND FROM HER ARM.
HEATHER COMES BACK WITH HER COAT.

HEATHER

I'm ready.

TOM

Okay, kiddo. 'Bye, Mary.

HEATHER

So long, Mom.

MARY

Be sure to eat some vegetables, Heather.

THEY EXIT. MARY HOLDS UP A PIECE
OF GOOKY LIVER, LOSES HER APPETITE,
PUTS THE WHOLE MESS IN THE REFRIG-
ERATOR. WHAT TO DO? SHE STARTS TO
TAKE OFF HER APRON.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

MARY QUICKLY PUTS BACK ON HER APRON,
OPENS THE DOOR. FOLEY IS THERE WITH
A BAG OF GROCERIES AND HER SHOE.

FOLEY

Hi, Mary!

MARY

Dennis!

FOLEY

(BIG BEAMING SMILE) I brought your
groceries and your shoe back.

MARY

Oh. Thank you very much. I'll just take
them and...

FOLEY

That's all right, I'll bring 'em in. I
plan to stay for a while.

HE COMES IN, KICKING THE DOOR SHUT
WITH HIS FOOT. MARY ISN'T HAPPY
TO SEE HIM.

FADE OUT

ACT TWO~~SCENE 2~~SHUMWAY KITCHEN - NIGHT

MARTHA IS SETTING THE TABLE AS CATHY WORKS ON HER NAILS WITH AN EMORY BOARD.

MARTHA

I just don't understand where your father can be. It's been over an hour and he still isn't back. I mean how long does it take to punch someone in the face?

CATHY

With a bat.

MARTHA

Oh dear, I forgot about that. You don't really think he'll use that, do you?

CATHY

He was mad enough to.

MARTHA

Well of course he was mad. I don't blame him for being mad. His own daughter being attacked by a pervert in a massage parlor!

CATHY

Ma, I didn't know it was that kind of place.

MARTHA

Well I knew it was that kind of place, but no one would listen to me.

(MORE)

MARTHA (CONT'D)

I'm the last person anyone listens to in this house. I told you and your father what kind of a place it was, but would you listen?

CATHY GOES ON WITH HER NAILS.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

See, you're not even listening now.

CATHY

(CROSSING TO STOVE) Because you keep harping on the same subject. I told you I'm sorry about what happened and I'm worried about Daddy, but I don't know what you expect me to do. (OPENS OVEN DOOR) What's for dinner?

MARTHA

I don't know how you can think about dinner when your father might be in some terrible trouble. Make the salad.

CATHY

Ma, you just said...

MARTHA

I know what I said, Cathy. I asked for a little help around here. You're not a guest in this house. The lettuce is in the refrigerator in case you forgot where it's kept.

CATHY

Ohh. (SHE GOES TO REFRIGERATOR AS:)

SOUND: KNOCK ON BACK DOOR

MARTHA

Oh dear, who could that be?

SHE CROSSES TO DOOR, OPENS IT. STEVE
IS THERE, VERY EXCITED, HOLDING A
LETTER.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Oh it's you, Steve. What have you got
there? A letter?

STEVE SMILES AND NODS AND WAVES IT.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Isn't that nice. A letter. Do you want
someone to read it to you? Oh no, you
can read, can't you. You just can't hear
-- or talk.

CATHY

(JOINING THEM) What's it all about, Steve?

HE GIVES HER THE LETTER. SHE SCANS
IT, GROWING MORE AND MORE EXCITED.

CATHY (CONT'D)

Oh... oh wow!... Oh, Steve!! (SHE
THROWS HER ARMS AROUND HIM)

MARTHA

What is it, Cathy? What? Tell me!

CATHY -

It's the most exciting news, Ma. They're
thinking about publishing Steve's poems
in a book! They'll let him know in a
couple of weeks.

MARTHA

I don't know how you can think about
poetry when your father might be
lying hurt somewhere, bleeding. Oh dear,
I'm so upset. Maybe we should call the
police or go looking for him or... or...

ROBERTA'S VOICE (O.S.)

It's no use, Raymond. I know I've got to
try, but I'll probably fail.

SHE COMES HURRYING THROUGH THE DOOR
FROM THE LIVING ROOM WITH GRANDPA
HUFFING AND PUFFING AFTER HER.

ROBERTA

(NEAR TEARS) I fail at everything I try.

(SEEING EVERYONE) Oh, I'm sorry to
interrupt.

MARTHA

Why, Roberta, what's the trouble?

ROBERTA

It started a long time ago, Mrs. Shumway.
My parents always expected me to achieve
and I tried -- you have no idea how hard
I tried. But I still got B's instead of
A's and I could never please them and
then after they died I always felt...
but you're not interested in all that.

MARTHA

Aren't I?

ROBERTA

You had me pegged right from the start,
Mrs. Shumway. I won't be taking up any
more of your dear father's time. Not
unless I can prove myself worthy of him
which will probably be never. Goodbye.

AND SHE EXITS. EVERYONE LOOKS TO
GRANDPA FOR AN EXPLANATION.

GRANDPA

What's for dinner?

CATHY

Grandpa, what's the matter with Roberta?

GRANDPA

Who?

MARTHA

Pa, why did she leave like that? Miss
Walashak?

GRANDPA

Oh her. She's gotta get home. She has
these goldfish and sometimes she forgets
to feed 'em.

MARTHA

I'll never understand this family. Never.
And where is George? Where?

IRIS IN ON HER WORRIED FACE.

FADE OUT

ACT THREESCENE 4LORETTA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON LORETTA'S DETERMINED FACE.

LORETTA

Charlie, I've made up my mind. I'm gonna
do it now!

PULL BACK TO SHOW HER IN BED WITH
CHARLIE SITTING NEXT TO HER, HOLDING
HER HAND.

CHARLIE

What's that, Sugarbabe. What're ya gonna
do?

LORETTA

I'm gonna throw back these here covers,
and I'm gonna put my legs over the side
of this here bed, and I'm gonna take me
a little ol' walk!

CHARLIE

Well now, honey, maybe you should wait.

LORETTA

I'm not waitin' no more. You just watch
me, Charlie. Stand back a ways.

CHARLIE

If you think you're ready, honey. (HE
GETS UP, STANDS BACK A WAYS)

LORETTA

Here goes! (SHE THROWS THE COVERS OFF
JUST AS NURSE CRIMMONS ENTERS WITH SOME
MEDICATION)

NURSE

And just what in the world do we think
we're doing, Mrs. Haggars?

LORETTA

(MORE DETERMINED) We are goin' to walk,
Miss Crimmons. With the good Lord's help
we are gonna get up off this here bed and
take us a little stroll over yonder to
our husband!

NURSE

(SPLUTTERING) But... but you can't walk.
You'll never walk again!

LORETTA

(DAZED) What are you talkin' about?
Charlie, what kind of crazy talk is that?

CHARLIE

Well now honey, see, the doctors here,
they seem to think there's this little
complication from that there operation?
Something about bone chips and not gettin'
them all out and how it might take a while
before they get you all healed up and back
on your feet.

NURSE

If ever! (CATCHING HERSELF) What I mean is...

LORETTA

Oh, Charlie, that just cain't be.

CHARLIE

I know, honey, and I told 'em...

LORETTA

(INTERRUPTING) You mean that's why my legs have been feelin' all prickly and numb and like that?

CHARLIE

What I said to 'em, honey, was...

LORETTA

(CONTINUING) You mean you've known all along that I'm never gonna walk again and you been lyin' to me, Charlie Hagers?

CHARLIE

(STRONG) I never believed no such thing, Loretta. No sir! No matter what all them fancy doctors say, I know in my heart that you're gonna be just fine. Why heck, Loretta, what kind of Christian would I be if I didn't have no more faith than that? The good Lord's not gonna let you down, no more'n I'm gonna let you down.

LORETTA

(TEARS IN HER EYES) Amen, Charlie. I believe it. I truly do.

(MORE)

LORETTA (CONT'D)

I know I can walk if I just put my faith
in sweet Jesus, and my mind on makin'
these ol' legs work.

CHARLIE

Hallelujah, honey!

NURSE

Are you both crazy? You can't walk. (TO
CHARLIE) Make her stop.

LORETTA

Nobody's gonna stop me now. I'm gonna do
it, Charlie! (AND SHE MOVES HER LEGS...
WITH THE HELP OF HER ARMS... OVER THE
SIDE OF THE BED)

NURSE

No... no... no! You mustn't do that!
(SHE TRIES TO PUT LORETTA'S LEGS BACK)

LORETTA

(HISSING AT HER) You leave me be, Nurse
Crimmons or I'll scratch your eyes out!

CHARLIE

You better back off if you know what's good
for you, Nurse.

NURSE

This is outrageous. If you won't stop
her, I'll get the doctor!

AND SHE EXITS ON THE RUN.

LORETTA

Good riddance to bad rubbish. I didn't want that old sourpuss here anyway. Get ready, Charlie, 'cause here I come.

CHARLIE

Hot dog! I'm right here, Loretta honey. I know you can do it. You just take your time and when you feel the Spirit move you, you just come right here to Papa.

HE STANDS A FEW FEET FROM THE BED HOLDING OUT HIS HANDS. LORETTA HUNCHES TOWARDS THE EDGE OF THE BED AND THEN LETS HER FEET TOUCH THE FLOOR AND WITH A SURPREME EFFORT TRIES TO TAKE A FEW STEPS. BUT SHE FALLS! CHARLIE IS THERE TO CATCH HER. HE PICKS HER UP IN HIS ARMS, KISSING HER AND HUGGING HER.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(IN TEARS) Don't you mind, honey. Don't you fret none. You gave it a good ol' country try, but see, you're pretty weak and tired and after all this here's the very first time. (HE CARRIES HER TO THE BED, GENTLY LAYS HER DOWN) But I know you can do it, babe. I know it just as sure as I know that there moon's gonna set and the sun's gonna rise tomorrow.

LORETTA

(BLINKING AWAY HER OWN TEARS) Don't you worry, Charlie.

(MORE)

LORETTA (CONT'D)

I'm gonna walk again. I know it and you know and the good Lord up above knows it, too. Don't you know it, Lord? You bet you do -- good old Guy!

AND SHE MANAGES A SMILE THROUGH HER TEARS.

FADE OUT

ACT FOURSCENE 4 |POLICE STATION - NIGHT

CLEMENS, THE COURIER REPORTER, IS STUDYING THE WANTED POSTERS. HE TURNS AND TALKS TO SGT. SWETT, AT THE DESK.

CLEMENS

Is the chief really gonna close up all the sex shops in town?

SWETT

You know as much as I do.

CLEMENS

Well I hope the raid is worth a story. I haven't had a front page boffo since the hostage story. Read any of my stuff about that?

SWETT

I was there.

CLEMENS

I had a pretty good run for a while there. Mass murders, hostages... but it's been ffffttt ever since.

COMMOTION AS DET. JOHNSON ESCORTS BABBITAGLIA AND A MORTIFIED GEORGE INTO THE STATION.

JOHNSON

All right, line up and give your names to the sergeant.

CLEMENS

(TO JOHNSON) Mind if I ask 'em a few questions, Detective?

JOHNSON

Go ahead.

CLEMENS

(TO GEORGE) Excuse me, but don't I know you?

GEORGE

(TURNING AWAY, DISGUIISING HIS VOICE) No comment.

BABBITAGLIA

Hey, sonny, you want a comment?

CLEMENS

Yes sir. I'm Clemens of the Fernwood Courier.

BABBITAGLIA

Babbitaglia, of the Fernwood Love Palace. That's two b's, one T. Salvatore Babbitaglia. Got that?

CLEMENS

Got it. Are you...?

BABBITAGLIA

I'll tell you what I am, sonny. I'm a legitimate businessman, whose being harassed by the police. What they done to my place tonight is clearly a unconstitutional act which violates my civil liberties and which is also bad for business.

ANGLE ON GEORGE AND SERGEANT.

SWETT

Name?

GEORGE

(MUMBLING INAUDIBLY) George Shumway.

SWETT

Come again?

GEORGE MOTIONS HIM CLOSER AS HE
LEANS OVER THE DESK. THE SERGEANT
BENDS CLOSER TO HEAR...

CUT TO:

SCENE 52

SHUMWAY KITCHEN

CATHY, STEVE, GRANDPA AT THE TABLE.
GRANDPA SHOVELLING THE FOOD IN.
CATHY, PICKING AT HERS. MARTHA IS
STANDING NEAR THE COUNTER, FIDGET-
ING.

CATHY

Aren't you going to eat anything, Ma?

MARTHA

I'm just too nervous. But you go ahead.
It doesn't seem to bother you that your
father may be lying helpless and hurt
somewhere.

CATHY

Please, Mom, will you stop worrying?

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

CATHY IS CLOSEST TO IT.

CATHY (CONT'D)

(ON PHONE) Hello?

INTERCUT WITH GEORGE IN POLICE
STATION.

GEORGE

Now don't worry about a thing, Cathy.
It's not your fault, but I won't be home
for a while. Just put mother on the
phone.

CATHY

Where are you?

GEORGE

Let me talk to your mother, Cathy.

CATHY

(TO MARTHA) It's Dad. He wants to talk
to you, Mom.

MARTHA

(TAKING THE PHONE) George? I've been
worried sick about you, George. Your
dinner's getting cold. I couldn't eat
a thing myself, I've been so nervous,
but it's one of your favorites -- macaroni
and cheese, and...

GEORGE

Martha! Martha, I don't have much time.
Just calm down and listen.

MARTHA

Where are you, George?

GEORGE

In jail.

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I've been arrested for... (HARD TO SAY
IT) ... lewd conduct. It's all a mistake,
but... Martha?... Martha...?

BUT MARTHA HAS FAINTED DEAD AWAY
AND THE PHONE DANGLES LIFELESSLY
FROM ITS CORD.

FADE OUT

ACT FIVE~~SCENE 1~~MARY'S KITCHEN - SHORTLY AFTER ACT ONE

MARY HAS GIVEN FOLEY SOME COFFEE AND HAS PUT THE GROCERIES AWAY. NOW SHE'D LIKE HIM TO GO. BUT HE HAS NO INTENTION OF GOING ANYWHERE.

MARY

Well, thanks again for returning my groceries and my shoe.

FOLEY

I wanted to see you, anyway.

MARY

Well, here I am. And now that you've seen me, I guess you'll be going.

FOLEY

Mary, are you trying to get rid of me?

MARY

No, it's just that I... thought I'd visit my friend Loretta Hagers at the hospital tonight and... Yes, I'm trying to get rid of you.

FOLEY

Why? Don't you like me?

MARY

Oh, I like you. What's not to like?
You're a very nice man... and I enjoyed
spending that afternoon with you, really,
but... that's all.

FOLEY

That's not all. It can't be. I've never
felt the kind of thing you and I have
together.

MARY

Well you're feeling it all by yourself.

FOLEY

Am I? Tell the truth, Mary. The way
you're standing there and looking at me.
That has to mean something.

MARY

How am I standing? I'm just standing.
I'm just standing here and looking at
you and I admit you're nice to look at...
with your curly hair and your face and
your... but I'll tell you something,
Dennis, the way you're standing there,
you're frightening me.

FOLEY

I don't want to frighten you.

MARY

Then maybe you'll leave?

FOLEY

(SMILING, HIS EYES ON HERS) I think that's what I'm talking about, Mary.

MARY

Leaving?

FOLEY

What you call fright is really excitement. You're just plain excited.

MARY

(A LITTLE SCARED) I know fright when I feel it. (FOLEY TAKES A STEP TOWARDS HER) ... And please don't come toward me.

FOLEY

(STARTING TOWARDS HER) You can't stand it, can you, you're so excited.

MARY

(BACKING AWAY) Sergeant... I mean Dennis ... I mean stop! (HE NODS) I want to make something perfectly clear to you.

FOLEY

Okay.

MARY

I want you to leave right now.

FOLEY

(DISBELIEF) Mary...

MARY

I do!

FOLEY

But you and your husband are separated.

MARY

That doesn't make any difference.

FOLEY

And you're all alone tonight.

MARY

They'll be back.

FOLEY

There's plenty of time. (HE STARTS
TOWARDS HER AGAIN. SHE BACKS AWAY, GETTING
THE TABLE BETWEEN THEM)

MARY

Don't make me do something I don't want
to.

FOLEY

But you do want to.

MARY

Call the police? Is that what you want
me to do?

FOLEY

I am the police. Come on, Mary...

THEY CONTINUE TO CIRCLE THE TABLE.

MARY

Stop! Stay where you are. I'm going to
tell you something that you ought to know.

FOLEY

(STOPPED) I turn you on.

MARY

No. But it's something that will definitely
turn you off.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

You won't want to have anything to do with me. You can't have anything to do with me.

FOLEY

Why?

MARY

Because I'm... I've got something the matter with me.

FOLEY

What could possibly be the matter with you aside from being so excited and lovely and making me want you so much?

MARY

I caught something! Something that's not very nice. That I have to take shots for. It's one word and it's hard to spell and...

FOLEY

You??!! Not you. Not that.

MARY

Yes me. And that. Goodbye, Dennis.

FOLEY

(FALTERING) I... can't believe it. You?

PHONE RINGS. MARY STARES AT IT.
FOLEY STARES AT IT. SHE FINALLY
PICKS IT UP.

MARY

(ON PHONE) Yes?... Dr. Abramson?... But it's night, I don't understand why you're calling... Oh, you have office hours every Friday night.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

(SMILING, EXCITED) Negative?... I don't have it, then?... I can? Oh, thank you, doctor, thank you. (SHE HANGS UP, STILL SMILING)

FOLEY

Good news?

MARY

(HER SMILE DISAPPEARING) It... it was a wrong number.

FOLEY

A sense of humor. I love that. Come here, Mary.

HE BECKONS, SMILING. SHE IS REALLY SCARED.

FADE OUT

END EPISODE #30